

THE
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The privilege of Annual Adver-
tising is limited to their own im-
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Newport Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
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Cards of acknowledgement, reli-
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sertion, 50 cents per square.
Births, marriages and deaths, in-
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charged at 4 cents per line, no charge
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No paper will be discontinued
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the option of the publishers.
Job Printing
in its various branches, executed
with despatch.
F. A. PRATT & WM. MESSER

Number 5,308.

Poetry.

SPRING.

Doves on the sunny eaves, are cooing.
The chip-trill trills from the apple-tree,
Blossoms are bursting, and green grass;
And the crocus daisies up in the Spring to see.
Spring has come with a smile of blessing,
Kissing the earth with her soft warm breath,
Till it blushes in flowers at her gentle caressing,
And wakes from the winter's dream of death.
Spring has come! The rills, as they glisten,
Sing to the pebbles and green grass;
Under the sward the violets listen,
And dream of the sky as they hear her pass.
Crested of roses feel her coming,
Swelling their buds with a promise to her,—
And the wild bee hears her, around them thum-
ming.
And hums about with a joyous stir.
Oaks, that the bark of a century covers,
Feel ye the spell, as ye groan and sigh?
Say,—does her spirit that round you hovers
Whisper of youth and love gone by?
Windows are open, the pensive maiden
Leans o'er the sill with a wistful sigh,
Her heart with tender longings o'erladen,
And a happy sadness, she knows not why.
For we and the trees are brothers in nature;—
We feel in our veins the season's thrill
As hopes that reach to a higher stature,
In blind dim longings beyond our will.
Whence dost thou come, O joyous spirit?
From realms beyond this human ken,
To paint with beauty the earth we inherit,
And soften to love the hearts of men?
Dear angel! that blowest with breath of glad-
ness
The trumpet to waken the Year in its grave,
Shall we not hear, after death's deep sadness,
A voice as tender to gladden and save?
Dost thou not sing a constant promise
That joy shall follow that other voice,—
That nothing of good shall be taken from us,
But all who hear it shall rise, to rejoice?

WE DO NOT KNOW HOW MUCH WE LOVE.

We do not know how much we love
Until we come to part,
How strong the tendrils are that bind
An object to the heart;
The tree under whose branches, we
In infancy have strayed;
The flowers—the friends of early youth,
With whom we oft have played;
Are things of which we mourn and grieve,
In pleasure and in pain;
As memory brings them back to us
From out the past again.
We linger still amidst the scenes
That we have loved so well;
While recollections fond and pure
Within our bosoms swell;
And to their shadows still we cling,
Even while they do depart;
For memories that we thought hid
Come crowding on the heart;
And though the star of hope may shed
Its beams upon our way,
Yet farewell's a bitter word—
For those who love—to say.

Wit and Humor.

A Wisconsin paper describing a farm which
the advertiser wants to sell, adds:—The sur-
rounding country is the most beautiful the God
of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—
divine: also two wagons to sell, and a yoke of
steers.
Hoops.—There was a talk, some time ago,
that the ladies were going to dispense with hoops,
or at least to reduce them materially in size. But,
if any change has been made, it is in the opposite
direction, and for the better protection of young
gallants we recommend the following piece of
advice:—
"If you chance to go home with a girl of your
heart,
You will find that the hoops will keep you apart,
If you give her your arm when your journey be-
gins,
Take care of the hoops, and look out for your
shins."
Is a cemetery at Dunkirk, N. Y., a stone is
erected over the remains of a deceased old lady,
on which her survivors intended to write the stock
epitaph, "At her rest in peace." The space gave
out at the end of the word "her," so that only the
initial letters of the remainder could be inserted.
Thus the dear old lady was commended to the
mould with the somewhat slangy inscription—
"Let her r. i. p."
How women do admire weddings!—not their
own merely, but anybody's. How they throng the
churches 'just to see the ceremony, you know."
Then what animated descriptions of the
whole affair! what glowing accounts of what the
bride "had on." What criticism of the brides-
maid. In short, what an immense amount of
simpler and glibber, and prattle—all because two
inoffensive young people are going, in a legal, and
orderly way, to set up housekeeping. Funny,
isn't it?
"I wish you would come to a pause in your
talk," said Blinks; "such an everlasting clacking
is enough to drive me mad." "You had no busi-
ness to take me from my pa, if you didn't like to
hear me talk," retorted Mrs. Blinks; "there were
other men as good as you who said there was
music in my voice;" and, as usual, the wife had
the last word.
A widower, upwards of seventy-five years of
age, has just married in Chicago a young girl of
sixteen. We suppose that, finding himself pretty
well worn out, the old gentleman thought re-
pairing judicious.
A Texas paper says that the Rev. R. P. Thomp-
son, a native missionary in the State is "breaking
himself of the habit of swearing, and reads the
scriptures quite fluently."

Selected Tale.

A TON OF COAL MA'AM.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

Tingle, tingle, tingle, went the bell for
the fiftieth time, as it appeared to me that
morning I wrote on the rope rapidly for fear
of another interruption; but nobody
went to the door and presently the nerve
of wire which ran kitchenward through
the house, tingled again with a hastier
signal than before, in token of the impatience
of the human nerves that were waiting out-
side.
"Dolly, where's Katy?" said I clipping
the words short that they might be the
less interruption to the paragraph which
was unwinding itself on the paper.
"Taty's done out door," said the little
three year old, who was building a royal
castle on the carpet. I threw down my
pen and went myself to answer the sum-
mons.
"A ton of coal, ma'am" said the sooty
mortal on the steps.
"Oh, yes," said I, remembering that the
good man had remarked the night before
that the winter's supply of coal had given
out and that he must send up enough to
last the remainder of the cold season.—
"Drive in at the side gate, and dump it
beyond the wood yard, you will see the
place;" and I was closing the door hastily
to return to my work; for I had just so
much that must be done, before the sun
reached the middle of his journey for the
day, but the sun forthwith was getting on
without any obstacles whatever, while all
the fates seemed to have conspired to in-
terrupt the race of my pen across the pa-
per.
"Carry in your coal, ma'am!" said a
parti-colored boy, promptly presenting him-
self at the orifice of the closing door.
"Not now," I replied, "I have no time to
attend to it, come at noon."
The hour of noon pealed with provoking
jubilee from the towers. The sun had fin-
ished his half day's work faithfully and
well, but mine was not done; and still the
pen toiled wearily over the paper in
momentary expectation of being called to
account for its delinquency.
"You are not housekeepers to war with
constant interruption," I said defiantly to
the chiming bells, and to the sun whose
rays fell with perpendicular triumph upon
the cottage roof.
"A boy wants to know if he shall bring
in the coal," said Katy, presenting herself
at the parlor door.
"What does he charge for it?" I asked
without stopping. Katy went back for an
answer to my question and in a moment
reported—"Two shillings is the boy's
price."
"Ma," said my little son who had just
come in from school, pushing past Katy to
speak to me. "Ma, there's another boy
says he will do it for eighteen pence."
"Very well, take the cheapest one," said
I calling after Katy.
"Yes ma'am," cried Katy, and the parlor
door closed upon them. But at the same
moment a boy passed the bay window
where I was sitting, and tapped at the
library door.
"What is it?" said I rapping at the
window with my ivory pen holder.
"Bring in your coal ma'am, for fifteen
cents," said he.
"Very well, said I, supposing it was the
last boy and weary of the interruption.
"Shall I bring it in?" said the boy with
a brightening up of his face.
"Yes, yes."
He turned hastily away with a glad
look on his features, but just then two other
boys came through the gate that led from
the wood yard to the kitchen door, with
their shovels and commenced at the heap
of coal. The light faded instantly from
his sallow cheek—he saw that he had lost
the job, and throwing up both his thin arms
so as to catch hold of the picket of the fence,
he bent his head upon the upper rail and
the silent tears came coursing down leav-
ing their track amid the coal dust that had
scoured his skin. The attitude was one of
such utter despair, that the busy pen was
suspended a moment that I might look at
him. He was a mere shadow in compar-
ison with the other boys, who were now
busy at their work, and who seeing his dis-
appointment, raised their heads, and ap-
peared to throw him some bitter taunt.—
He paid no attention to this, however, ex-
cept to bow his head lower on the rail, and
saying to myself that his grief was probably
caused by some boyish jealousy about the
finding of work, I went on with my writing.
My little boy came back from the kitchen
and stood with his hand on the back of my
chair, waiting for me to lay down my pen.
"What is that boy crying for?" said he
presently, looking out of the window at the
little, thin, gaunt figure that was leaning
against the fence.
"One of the coal boys," I answered. "Is
he the one who offered to do it for eighteen
pence?"
"No mamma, it was the one with the
blue frock. The first one was mad
with him when he said he'd do it for that;

but then when he found he had the
job, he offered to help him and they made
a bargain."
"I am sorry, I supposed it was the same
one," said I, still busy at my work.
"Did he offer so to do the coal?"
"Yes, for fifteen cents."
"Well, why didn't he?"
"It was too late; the other boys were
already there."
"Is that what he's crying for?"
"I suppose so. Don't disturb me."
"What did you tell him? Mamma,
mamma, do please tell me whether you
told him he could do it."
"I did, my son, I supposed it was the
other boy come round to the door."
"It is too bad," said Lewis, looking in-
genuously out of the window. "Mamma,
mamma," he added, pulling my sleeve,
"These boys are plaguing him. Mayn't
I go out and see to them?"
I looked at the little sprig of a boy,
whose chin was just high enough to rest
on my shoulder as I sat, and laughed at the
thought of his seeing to the brawny
lads who were bringing in the coal. But
with this glance at my eldest born my
heart grew softer for the woes of child-
hood, and I looked again at the one to
whom the loss of this piece of hard, dirty
work seemed such a bitter drop in the cup
of grief. He had sauk back from the place
where he stood, and thrown himself upon
the box which had been placed as a win-
ter covering for my wall flowers, under
my nursery window. I could just see the
top of his cap, where his head bent forward
upon his knees, but from the motion I
knew that he was still grieving over his
disappointment. With my pen in my hand
I stepped into the nursery and listened.—
In through the open window came the
sound of his bitter sobbing, poured out
with an abandonment of wretchedness that
told no common sorrow. I stepped softly
to the window and looked at him. He
could hardly be older than my own Lewis,
it seemed to me, and I could see through
the ragged garments, the white skin of his
thin arm, and the turn of his finely curved
neck, and thought that he might be as
dear to some mother's heart as my child
was to me.
"What is the matter?" I asked.
He started, and his sobbing ceased in an
instant, but he made no answer and did not
raise his head from his knees.
"I wish you to tell me what troubles
you," I said again, after waiting a few min-
utes.
He had raised his head with a proud
curve of the neck and shoulders and was
looking straight before him, with the tears
standing as if they were chilled in their
pathway down his face.
"Lost the job," he said sullenly, in reply
to my question, but without looking to-
wards me.
"Is that all? That is a great deal of
work to do for fifteen cents?"
"I wanted it though," he said with an-
other tear making its way out of his fixed eyes
and brimming over.
"Did you want the work or the money?"
"I wanted the money," said he, bitt-
erly.
"What would you do with it?"
"Eat it," he replied, with increasing
savageness, after a moment's delay.
"In what form?" I asked, my curiosity
excited by the boy's answer, "as peanuts
or candy?"
"I'll move along," said he, making a mo-
tion to go, but lingering as if he lacked the
energy to rise.
"I don't wish you to move along," said
I, "I really wish to know why you want
ed this money so much, and what you
would have done with it."
"I'd have bought bread for my mother.
She's starving," he exclaimed, turning sud-
denly towards me, with the great tears
brimming out of his eyes again in spite of
himself.
"Oh no, my child," said I, with a shud-
der. "I hope not," he said he hardly
starving with plenty all about us."
"What good does that do us? We're
nothing to do with the plenty." She won't
let me steal, and I haven't had a job these
three days."
"Is there no one but you to provide for
your mother?"
"No ma'am, not since she's been sick."
"If you are really destitute you should
let your wants be known. There are ways
in which you can be kept from starvation;
besides, if you were really obliged to choose
between the two, don't you think it would
be better to beg than to steal?"
"We won't choose between them. She
says she can starve. I follow the coal
carts all the time, but the big boys get all
the jobs. There's nothing for me to do."
"Do you see that trench yonder, beyond
the current bushes," I asked, pointing to
the garden. "There are cabbages there, and
now that the frost is coming out of the
ground I want them brought to the cellar.
There are two or three basketsful. I will
give you fifteen cents to bring them in."
"Yes, ma'am," said he starting up with
alacrity. "Thank you, ma'am. Got a
basket?"
"Go round to the kitchen door and ask
the girl for one, and come to me when you
are done."

He hurried off to his work and I returned
to my writing, which was soon finished and
the manuscript folded for their destination.
I was locking up my writing materials
when Lewis came from the kitchen and told
me the coal was in.
But now Katy followed him across the
dining room and looking over his shoulder
reported "Cabbage in," and waited for fur-
ther orders.
"Let me pay him, too, mamma," said
Lewis.
"No, I wish to see him. Katy, send him
into the dining-room."
"Now," said I, as I gave him the money.
"I wish you to tell me where you live, and
if your mother is sick and in distress I will
go and see her."
"Yes'm," said he with the gloom coming
back to his face, and he began in a listless
way to tell me where she lived.
"I believe what you told me," said I,
fixing my eyes keenly upon him, for I had
been deceived too often to accept with full
credulity all that I heard; "Do you wish
me to go and see your mother?"
"Yes'm," said he, after a moment's hesi-
tation, "but you won't come."
"Why do you think I won't come?"
"Many ladies tell me so, but they never
come. I wanted somebody to come to her
at first, but it's no use."
"I know the place," said I, as his direc-
tion pointed me to a tumbled down tenement
house which I had often visited, "and I
will come this afternoon, or in the morn-
ing."
"Yes, ma'am," said he, bowing with a
graceful motion of his ragged cap as he
went out of the room.
Prompted somewhat by the boy's dis-
trust of me, I set out on my usual afternoon
walk soon after dinner, and not more than
two or three hours had elapsed since he
left me before I was ascending the wretch-
ed stairs, up, up, up, to his mother's room.
A racking cough struck my ear as I pa-
used on the landing. When it ceased, I
knocked at the low door, which was opened
by the coal boy, who stood before me, with
the soot washed away from his face and his
ragged coat replaced by a thoroughly
clean, but well patched apron.
"There's no chair," said he half timidly,
as he ushered me into the room; "we
have sold the last one."
A few chips, evidently gathered from the
wood yards and slips, were burning on the
hearth, and on the bed in one corner, lay
the sick mother, with a wretched looking
babe nestled asleep beside her. I went up
to the bedside and looked into the large,
haggard eyes that were fixed upon me from
the moment of my entrance. She lay si-
lently under my scrutiny, which continued
with a growing recognition for two or three
minutes.
"Sarah Harmon!" I exclaimed at
length.
"You know me, then," she said, turning
her face to the pillow. "I knew that you
would come. He told me what you said,
and I felt sure that you would come."
"Did you know who it was, Sarah?"
"Have you known that I was living so near
you?"
"Yes. I have seen you in your yard,
last summer, when I went by with my
work to the shops; Charlie said it was the
cottage with the roses—I knew the place."
"And why have I not known that you
were suffering? you should have let me
know."
"I was better, then," said she, feebly,
"and you never liked me very well."
This was true—we had grown up in the
same village, the roofs where we were born
were within a stone's throw of one another;
but our natures were essentially different,
and as our tastes led us to seek different
amusements and different associates, we
grew farther and farther apart. There had
never been any enmity, but there was
little affection between us; and when I
knew she would marry the weak, unprin-
ciple Charlie Escott, simply because he had
a musical name and a graceful carriage, I
liked her less than ever. She was the
child of good christian parents, but doubt-
less they had erred much in the training of
this, their only child.
From the time of her marriage I had
known nothing of her. I had removed to
a distant city, and she had followed her
husband's fortunes or rather misfortunes,
from one wretched home to another, until
he was laid in a drunkard's grave and she
was left with her frail children and her
ruined health, to the poverty and contempt
of a drunkard's family.
"I care nothing for myself," said she, "I
have borne every thing that human nature
can bear, I only wish that some one may
care for my poor children when I am gone.
Poor little Charlie he has done everything
for me. He is a good boy, and will serve
any one well that will take care of him.—
But dear little Jennie—I don't know what
will become of her."
Poor little Jennie indeed! The trials of
her mother and herself, had shattered both
mind and body, and she had lived through
the four sad years of her life just on the
verge of idiocy. But this her mother failed
to see, and it was well, for God had
made provision for the child in His own
home. We made them both comfortable

while they abode on this side the dark val-
ley. But the mother lingered only till the
spring airs came, and before the summer
was gone, Charlie bowed himself again in
grief that knew no consolation, over Jennie's
grave. The child who had been so sad a
spectacle to every one else, was all the
world to him, and very tenderly had he
nursed her through all the summer days,
never believing that death had already had
his chains about her.
Charlie Escott is now in the employ of
an excellent man, who believes that his
duty to those who serve him is not finished
when he pays them their wages, and he ap-
pears to be growing up as a young man of
sterling principle. His mother's last pray-
er was, that he might be trained to look at
life more wisely than she had done in her
early days.
The bitter lesson of adversity had been
of service to her, and the instruction she
had given her son together with the strug-
gles of his first years of life, seem to have
strengthened his character and fitted him
to meet life with far more of success, and
happiness, than his parents wrought for
themselves.
Good Advice to Young Women.—Trust
not to uncertain riches, but prepare your-
selves for every emergency in life. Learn
to work, and be not dependant upon ser-
vants to make your bread, sweep your
floors and darn your stockings. Above all,
do not esteem too lightly those honorable
young men who sustain themselves and
their aged parents by the work of their own
hands, while you caress and receive into
your company those lazy, idle popinjays,
who never lift a finger to help themselves
as long as they can keep body and soul to-
gether, and get funds sufficient to live in
fashion. If you are wise, you will look at
this subject in the light we do; and when
you are old enough to become wives you
will prefer the honorable mechanic, who
will not at a cent to commence life, to the
fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten
thousand dollars. When we hear it re-
marked, "a young lady married a fortune,"
we tremble for her future prosperity.—
Riches left to children by wealthy parents
turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing.
Young women, remember this, and instead
of sounding the purse of your lovers, and
examining the cut of their coats, look into
their habits and hearts. Mark if they have
a trade and can depend upon themselves;
see that they have minds which will lead
them to look above a butterfly existence.
Talk not of the beautiful white skin and
soft delicate hand, the splendid form and
fine appearance of the young gentleman.—
Let not these foolish considerations engross
your thoughts.
Kind Words.—They never blister the
tongue or lips. And we have never heard
of one mental trouble arising from this
quarter. Though they do not cost much,
yet they accomplish much. They help
one's good nature and good will. Soft
words soften our own soul. Angry words
are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make
the blaze more fierce. Kind words make
other people good natured. Cold words
freeze people, and hot words scorch them,
and bitter words make them bitter, and
words make them wrathful. There is such
a rush of other kinds of words in our days,
that it seems desirable to give kind words
a chance among them. There are vain
words, and idle words, and hasty words,
and spiteful words, and empty words, and
profane words, and warlike words. Kind
words also produce their own image on
men's souls. And a beautiful image it is.
They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the
hearer. They shame him out of his sour,
morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet
begun to use kind words in such abundance
as they ought to be used.—Pascal.
A Paragraph for Ladies.—Most of our
fair friends have a decided aversion to that
part of their duty which fall under the
"patching and darning" denomination.—
They are of opinion that at a rent may be
the accident of a day, but a darn is a pre-
meditated poverty! But if they only knew
how pretty a well executed piece of re-
pairs looks when you see it in its warp and
woof the bright threads of economy, and
independence and womanly thrift, cross and
re-crossing one another, they would lay
aside embroidery and crochet work, and
take up instead the mending baskets.
A Nice Experiment.—The ladies are in-
troducing a new and beautiful ornament
for the parlor, mantle, or centre-table.—
They take large pine burrs, sprinkle grass
seeds of any kind in them, and place them
in pots of water. When the burrs are
soaked a few days, they close up in the
form of solid cones, then the little spears
of green grass begin to emerge from amongst
the lamina, forming an ornament of rare
and simple beauty.
Some one says that human heads are
like hogheads—the less they contain, the
louder the report they give of themselves.
He who is a bad master to others is
unfit to be his own.
Answer to enigma of last week.—"In
God we Hope,"—motto of Rhode Island.

Subdue your Child's Will.—How seldom
do we see a person whose self-will was not
restrained in childhood, becoming a Chris-
tian in later years. "A child left to him-
self," not only "bringeth his mother to
shame," but almost surely brings ruin upon
himself. The parent who neglects, with
love and firmness, to subdue his child, in
the language of the wise man, "hatheth his
own son; but he that loveth him chasteneth
him sometimes."
The son of pious, but too-indulgent
parents, left home and ran into evil courses.
His father and mother were almost heart-
broken, but wrote continually to him letters
overflowing with affection and earnest en-
trealties to leave his sinful ways.
A friend was in his room when one of
these home letters came. He read it
seriously, and evidently with a troubled
conscience; then sat a few moments lost
in thought, when, suddenly rising he dashed
the letter in the fire, exclaiming, "There,
let them warn, write letters, pray, and
whine; it is of no use. A good whipping,
well laid on ten years ago, would have done
more to save me."
Submission to parental authority is a
preparative for submission to God's will,
while continual self-indulgence fosters the
evil passions of the heart, and strengthens
its natural enmity to God.
The mother of a little girl who was al-
ways delicate and subject to fits of any
excitement, was told by physicians to keep
her as quiet as possible, and never let her
be crossed. But instead of producing the
desired effect, this course made her peevish
irritable and stubborn. After making it
a subject of earnest prayer, the mother de-
cided to govern her as she did her other
children. Taking the little one upon her
knee, she told her of the error of the course
she had pursued, and that henceforth she
must obey, or be punished.
Presently some duty was required, but
the child paid no heed of it. Punishment
followed, but still the little will held out.
It was repeated, with no better success.—
Again was the trial made, the mother's
heart cry to God for strength and guidance.
At last the little offender was completely
subdued, and became a most obedient,
loving child. Once at midnight she waked
her mother with the entreaty, "Oh mamma,
pray for me. I am such a great sinner!"—
It was not long before she gave good evi-
dence that she was born again. That moth-
er lived to hear her say, with pallid lips, "I
thank you, mamma, for punishing me that
day. If you had not, I should have died
in my sins, and gone to hell; but now I
feel that my sins are forgiven, and I am
going to Jesus."
Parent, will you not heed the lesson?—
But never punish a child when you cannot
pray at the same time for God to bless the
chastisement. A punishment given in
anger will do more harm than good.
A Paragraph Matrimonial.—Choosing
a wife is a perilous piece of business.—
Take care that you don't get the gilt China
article, that looks exceedingly pretty on the
mantle-piece until the gilt and ornament
are all rubbed off, and then is fit only for
the dust-pan! A wife should be selected
on the same principle as a calico gown.—
Bright colors and gay patterns are not al-
ways the best economy. Get something
that will wash and wear. Nothing like the
suns and showers of matrimony to bleach
out all these deceptive externals! Don't
choose the treasure by gas-light or in a
parlor sitting. Broad daylight is the best
time—a kitchen the most sensible place.
Bear in mind, sir, that the article once
bargained for, you can't exchange it if it
don't suit. If you buy a watch and it
don't run as you expected, you can send it
to a jeweller to be repaired; in the case of
wife once paired, you can't re-pair. She
may run in the wrong direction—very well,
sir; all that is left for you is to run after
her, and an interesting chase you will prob-
ably find it! If you get a good wife, you
will be the happiest fellow alive: If you get
a bad one, you may as well sell yourself for
a quarter at once! Just as well consider
all things beforehand, young man!
American Aristocracy.—Heroes of the
Revolution—it may be a consolation to
"stuck up people," whose boast it is that
they have never engaged in any useful em-
ployment, to be told of the following facts:
Washington was a surveyor and farmer.
Franklin was a printer.
Green was a blacksmith.
Warren was a physician.
Sumter was a shepherd.
Roger Sherman was a shoemaker.
Marion was a farmer, as was also Put-
nam, Allen and Stark.
Hancock was a shipping merchant.
Trumbull was an artist.
Arnold (who, though a traitor, was a
brave man and a good general) was a
bookseller and druggist.
It is a general remark that all classes
of persons are ever ready to give their
opinions. We think the lawyers must be
excepted; they sell theirs.
Somebody says "the pleasures of doing
good is the only one that never wears out."
Probably this is because it is worn so sel-
dom.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1773.

pensation to the sufferers from the riot of
Newport 1765, as resolved on in the British
Parliament and very graciously recom-
mended from his Majesty to the Governor
and Company of that Colony by his prin-
cipal Secretary of State.
Tired out and greatly mortified with a
long course of frequent fruitless and a very
expensive attendance upon the General
Assembly, I had resolved above a year ago
to solicit them no more; but at the inter-
cession of my fellow-sufferer Mr. Howard,
Chief Justice of North Carolina, I was
again prevailed upon to go to Newport in
September last, where and when the
Assembly then met and I had sufficient
influence to engage the Speaker of the
House of Deputies to move several times
for reading a petition of Mr. Howard's,
with an estimate of his loss solemnly sworn
to and authenticated by a notary public
with every necessary prescribed form.—
The Speaker also urged upon the House
because of my attending from another Col-
ony upon that account only, but the Deputies
would neither consent to hear Mr.
Howard's petition nor receive his estimate.
Immediately after the refusal a message
was sent from the Upper House of Magis-
trates requesting the Lower House to enter
now upon the riot of Newport by immedi-
ately empowering the High Sheriff to em-
panel a jury of inquisition to ascertain
and repair the loss of Dr. Moffatt. Mr.
Howard and Mr. Johnson, but the House
of Deputies would not listen nor agree to
any part of this proposal from the Upper
House.
About the middle of October I wrote a
most respectful letter to the Governor of
Rhode Island and inclosed to his honor the
estimate of my loss in the Newport riot
sworn to before and attested by a magis-
trate here, requesting the favor of the
Governor, to lay the same before the ensu-
ing assembly. The Governor writes on
the 7th of this month, "That at the last
session of the Assembly he presented my
estimate and read my letter in a great
Committee of both Houses of Assembly
but could not prevail to have it considered
then;" and adds, that he will endeavor to
bring it in again next February."
Under the strongest impressions of as-
surance the General Assembly never will
recompense the sufferers in the riot of
Newport, may I again presume to implore
your Lordships interposition and influence
to obtain a recompense for the sufferers in
Rhode Island from some more effectual
and certain channel than that of depending
any longer upon the duty and justice of the
General Assembly in that Colony. And
my Lords may I yet farther presume in
writing to your Lordships to add that by
endeavoring to restore in some measure
what I lost in that riot I am now sadly
sensible that I have not overvalued the
same in my estimate, (d) as also that if I
am not compensated by the interest, gen-
erosity and equity of your Lordships, I
can never expect to be possessed of half
the value I then lost, as the office of a
Comptroller here I now hold, has but a
very inconsiderable salary with small per-
quisites. I am, my Lords, &c., &c.,
T. M."
New London, Nov. 17th, 1768.
New York City and County, at this pe-
riod, according to a census published in the
Newport Mercury of August 23d, 1773,
contained only 21,876 inhabitants,
viz:—
"An exact account has lately been taken
at New York, of the number of inhabitants
in that city and county, as follows, viz:
Whites. 3720 males under 16 years.
5083 males above 16, under 60.
289 males of 60 and upwards.
3779 females under 16.
5864 females above 16.
Blacks. 568 males under 16.
890 males above 16, under 60.
49 males above 60.
558 males under 16.
1085 females above 16.
21,876
Tea Destroyed in Boston Harbor.
The first notice we find of this transac-
tion is in the Providence Gazette of De-
cember 18th, 1773, is as follows:—
"By a gentleman from Boston we learn,
that the Collector having declined clearing
out the East India Company's tea, which
lately arrived there by the Captains Hall
and Bruce, in order for its being returned,
and the Governor having likewise refused
to grant a pass for the vessels, on Thurs-
day evening the populace assembled, and
proceeded to the Long Wharf, where they
threw a great quantity of tea over-
board, destroyed what remained, and then
dispersed. The quantity shipped in these
two vessels amount we have yet been able
to obtain of this very interesting event."
As the circumstances of the destruction
of the tea at Boston are so well known,
we shall give no further detail of that trans-
action. This, however, was the third act
of violence committed by the Sons of Liberty
against the property of the King, or that
immediately under his protection, destined
to enforce the revenue laws, now become
odious to the colonists. The first was the
destruction of the sloop Liberty at New-
port; the second the Gaspee near Providence;
and the third the destruction of tea
at Boston.

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